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From the American Monthly Magazine.

A LEAF FROM MY "LOG-BOOK."

There is a headless statue, of colossal size, standing in the court of the Academy of Arts in Philadelphia, which was the gift of an officer of the United States navy. The grace and delicacy of the attitude and drapery of this statue, and its exquisite finish, must ever stamp it as a *chef d'œuvre* of the most distinguished ancient chisel, and as a criterion of all that is beautiful and great in sculpture.

The circumstances under which it was procured are singularly interesting as well as mysterious; and years must pass away, before the verdant recollection yields to the blighting influence of time.

During an active cruise against the pirates that infested the Archipelago in the summer of 1827, our frigate anchored off the town of Salamis, in Greece, in order to suppress more effectually the fitting out of piratical vessels, and to watch the movements of the Turkish army, then waging a most savage, horrid war of extermination against the Greeks, who were nobly contending, against fearful odds, for that dearest of all prizes—liberty! We hovered around the scenes of this distress, administering to their wants, in all that was consistent with our neutrality.

Ibrahim Pasha commanded the Turkish and Egyptian forces, consisting of forty thousand troops, with a heavy park of artillery, a troop of ten thousand well mounted cavalry, and a large body of well armed infantry. After an unsuccessful attempt to dislodge the Greek troops from their position on the Piræus, where they assembled to relieve the troops in the Acropolis, he left Redschid Pacha, with a large force, to besiege that impregnable fortress, and with the remainder of his army took up his line of march for the Morea, which was most nobly disputed by the heroic Greeks—though, unhappily, with but little success.

The track of the Turkish army was marked by every species of cruel and wanton barbarity. A recital of their enormities would make humanity shudder and blush for its degenerate kind. Towns were burnt—fields and trees destroyed—men, women, and children, massacred indiscriminately. Some were reserved for a life of ignominious slavery—a few escaped to the mountains—where, secreted in the caves, they subsisted on a few mussels, and a scanty supply of stagnant water found in the cavities of the rocks. In such an abode, filled with painful anxiety for the fate of their families, they hid themselves from the savage hunt of their fiendish pursuers, till the Turkish army departed, to visit the next hapless town with its brutal enormities. Then, these half famished creatures would

steal down in the night to seek for the broken remains of their ruined race, by the light of the dying embers of their once peaceful dwellings—and there, amid the dead and dying, might be seen the father, the mother, or the child, bending over the fond object of affection, administering such comforts as their feeble means afforded. Oh! who can imagine or describe the anguish of that heart-breaking scene?

It was during the period of these unparalleled wants, that four or five emaciated Greeks ventured down to the beach, and made a signal to our ship. They were soon brought on board, and two of them returned to the shore, loaded with provisions for their starving families in the mountains—the others offered to sell a statue of great value that was buried on shore, some distance up the gulf. The captain, regarding the purchase as an act of charity, readily agreed to give the stipulated sum. The ship was forthwith got underway, and anchored within ten miles of the nearest landing. Every thing was got in readiness for the expedition to start next morning at daylight—officers were appointed, men selected, a rude carriage constructed—boats provisioned and armed. Our party consisted of twenty-five men, and in due time shoved off from the ship, and were scudding at a brisk rate with a fair wind. We soon arrived at the landing, and found the statue about three miles from the beach, buried some six or seven feet under ground. It was no easy task to place it on the carriage: it could not have weighed less than five tons; and to transport it down to the boat, was a work of great labor and fatigue; the sun was oppressively hot, and the wheels sunk deep into the sand every roll. We reached the boat about an hour before sunset, wearied, and fatigued beyond imagination; and on mustering the men, were greatly surprised to find one of them missing. Our search in the immediate vicinity proved fruitless, and the many conjectures as to his fate served but to increase our anxiety and perplexity. After many suggestions, W — and myself resolved to remain and continue the search—the launch in the meantime to return to the ship and despatch a cutter for us. With this arrangement, the boat pushed off from the shore, spread its wings to the evening breeze, and was soon "walking the waters like a thing of life." We watched the boat as it receded from us, with a singular emotion; and with the swing of the hat, and a wave of the handkerchief, they sent us a cheer across the water for the success of our enterprise, that bubbled up its tribute from the heart; and how long we stood gazing on the void created by the absence of our fellows, I know not. The screech of a sorrowing seabird, that was sportingly dipping its wings into the feathery spray, broke our reverie. Then it was, the loneliness of our unprotected situation first dawned upon us; and an involuntary turn toward the direction of our ship, brought the sad reality more forcibly home. After examining the priming of our muskets, we started on our pilgrimage; and with as much singleness of heart as ever animated the bosom of a devotee commencing his most pious march; our object was to find our poor lost sailor; and the consciousness of being engaged in a deed of goodness, buoyed up our drooping spirits, and roused our energies to action. We were determined to solve the mystery of his singular disappearance, and not to return to the ship without some tidings of him. Our feelings were particularly interested, from the circumstance of his being one of the best men in the ship.

The first object that met our attention was the ruin of an old Venetian castle. It might be, curiosity had attracted him thither, and in the inviting coolness of the place, the recollection of the fatigue, and heat of the noonday sun, would be lost in a sleep of rosy dreams! We entered through the broken archway—traversed the court, where many a saint and hero trod—climbed the massive fragments—explored the subterranean passages, and woke the aged silence with the almost deafening report of our muskets—but all in vain—the beautiful echo alone flung back our summons—and we left that monastic ruin, where taste and

seemed to have guided the hand of time, full of painful forebodings—not was our search on the plain attended with better success. We then entered Eleusis. The condition of that poor devoted town was awfully distressing—the imagination cannot picture a more revolting scene. It is enough to say it had been visited by the Turkish army, and their ruthless, wanton barbarity, led to the indiscriminate massacre of its peaceful inhabitants; their bones were bleaching in the streets; and only the walls of the houses were left standing as monuments of its once happy inmates. We rambled through its deserted streets, clambered up to the vaulted roof of a castellated building; and there discharged our muskets and shouted aloud, with no success. The scene from this elevation would have been a gloomy subject for an artist; the view was bold, various, and picturesque. The town was built on a gentle sloping hill, in the centre of a very extensive plain, bounded on three sides by ranges of sterile mountains; the Aegean sea bathed its southern border, with three or four islands in the perspective—far to the west rose the rocky isthmus of Corinth, with its impregnable castle perched on its summit—the city of the dead was at our feet, and the setting sun threw a light of singular beauty over that melancholy picture—several noble ruins were scattered over the plain, relieved at intervals by beautiful olive groves—and the ground was as rich in classic association, as it was desolate in reality. Satisfied with this scene, which harmonized so well with our feelings, we started for a fountain about a mile inland from the town. It was quite in a ruined state, and the crystal water bubbled from the fount into a large basin, and from it leaped sparkingly into two or three others of smaller size. We sat bathing our feet in one of them, conjecturing the fate of the poor fellow we were in pursuit of, when our attention was suddenly attracted by approaching footsteps and voices; we had barely time to put ourselves in order, before we saw five armed men approaching the fountain. Our first impulse was to meet them—and if Greeks, to ask their assistance—if Turks, to act as the circumstances should call for. In either case it was hazardous. The Greeks might, in the indistinct twilight, take us for Turks; or the Turks imagine us Greeks. Our only alternative, therefore, to avoid the consequences of such an irreparable mistake, was to retreat behind the angle of the wall, and thus escape unnoticed. We knew that one wing of the Turkish army lay encamped only a few miles from us, and that in their night visits to the town, to cut off such Greeks as ventured from the hiding places, their cymetars would not be particularly discriminating on points of nationality. With this prospect before us, we prepared ourselves for the worst. Presently they arrived, and leaning their arms against the wall behind us, commenced their ablutions. Their language was unintelligible, and a glimpse of them, whose costume corresponded with the Albanian Turks, decided our course. Communicating our plans in a faint whisper, we resolved to rush on them, secure their arms, and abide the result. W — got down on his knees and surveyed the party. They were seated closely together, engaged in an animated conversation—their arms were close to us—and the time was favorable. I never shall forget the sensation of that exciting moment. A thousand things, unutterably, rushed through my mind—the perspiration started from my brow—and my whole frame quivered with deep emotion. W — and myself exchanged glances that spoke volumes of feeling, and the next moment we darted out from behind the fountain, and stood before the unwelcome visitors, with bayonets fixed, and fingers on the triggers. Had a thunderbolt fallen from the heavens, it could not have surprised them more. They jumped, and stood petrified with astonishment. We spoke to them kindly, but they did not understand us. Our language—our costume—and our sudden appearance, astounded them. They evidently had never seen such strange looking beings before. Their first rational glance, after the restoration of their senses, was toward their arms—these they saw so well guarded, as to forbid the possibility of recovering them—

and in utter despair, they crossed their arms on their breasts, and made every demonstration of submission and friendship. We returned their signs, and when fully convinced they were Greeks, we placed our arms beside theirs, and offered them our hands in token of friendship. I really do not know which party had the best cause to rejoice. What with a little "lingua France," picked up in the Archipelago, and significant signs, we made out tolerably well in communicating our wishes and feelings. They were actually Greeks, once living happily with their families in Eleusis, before the Turks destroyed it. I never saw a more woe-begone, forlorn expression, depicted on the human countenance, than theirs evidenced in the recital of their painful misfortunes. Together we entered that devoted town where all was ruin and desolation, and I thought their very hearts would burst, as some familiar object met their view, calling up reminiscences at once joyous and happy—startling and afflicting—such deep, deep feeling, I never before witnessed—and one there was, whose grief was past control. Grief and care had done more to bend his manly form, and furrow his noble brow, than time. I saw him kneel and whisper a prayer over the ashes of his kindred, as the big tear trickled down his cheek. Oh! it was a scene, awful beyond description—it called forth our warmest sympathy, and filled us with the most painful emotion. They picked up a few scattered remnants of clothes, bid us adieu, and started for the mountains. They had no homes—the earth was their resting place—and the canopy of heaven their only covering.

We lingered about the town, discharging our muskets four or five times, and returned to the beach about eleven o'clock; there we seated ourselves and waited patiently the arrival of the boat; and oh! how long the hours seemed. Time did indeed move with leaden wings. We had abundant time to contemplate that beautiful scene—the moon was flinging its silver light on the ruins of the Venetian castle—its beams were glistening on the placid bosom of the Aegean sea, whose mirrored surface imaged a countless number of bright, beautiful stars, that gemmed the blue heavens.

"—The wind was hushed;

And to the beach each slowly listed wave,
Creeping with silver curl, prest, kiss the shore,
And slept in peace."

The pensive solemnity of the hour was at last disturbed by the joyful approach of our boat; the fire from our muskets soon brought them to us, and in a few minutes we embarked, and were on our way to our floating home. The delay in the arrival of the boat had been caused by their mistaking the landmark, and pulling one or two miles beyond it. We reached the ship about two o'clock in the morning, to the relief of the anxious solicitude of our shipmates, and our own fatigue. We could not give any satisfactory account of the boatman, and the disappointment visible on the weather-beaten faces of our hardy crew, was painfully distressing. The next day the frigate got under way, stood down to the landing place, and fired four or five shot across the plain. The sound reverberated among the mountains with melancholy effect, and there being no trace of the sign of the man, we continued on our cruise, leaving it for time to unfold this singular and mysterious affair. I never knew a circumstance to absorb more interest and feeling, and it was sometime before the wonted cheerfulness, that distinguished our gallant frigate, was restored to the ship's company.

OCEANUS.

BRASSOS DE SANTIAGO, MEXICO, June, 1835.
To the editor of the N. Orleans Bulletin:

DEAR SIR: It is probable that many exaggerated accounts will be received in the United States, of the affray between the United States cutter Ingham and the Mexican schooner of war Montezuma. I therefore take the liberty of forwarding to you every important particular connected with the affair, of which I was an eye witness, believing it will be received by the numerous subscribers to your paper, and our countrymen in general, with great satisfaction.

The United States cutter Ingham, Captain Ezekiel Jones, who has for some time been cruising on the coast of Mexico for the suppression of the slave trade, hove to, off the mouth of the Rio Brassos, about ten days ago, and was visited by several American citi-

zens, who furnished him with some of the particulars relative to the capture of the American schooner Martha, and the imprisonment of her passengers by the Mexican schooner of war Montezuma. Upon receiving this information, Captain Jones ran into Matagorda, and obtained the deposition of John S. Bartlett, Esq., who was on board of the Martha when captured; and while there, also became acquainted with the ineffectual interposition of our consul at — in behalf of those unfortunate Americans who had been confined for several weeks under the hatches on board of the Montezuma. The Ingham left Matagorda on the 12th instant, with the avowed intention of seeking the Montezuma and demanding their immediate release. She accordingly appeared off this port at daylight on the 14th, instant, having fallen in about five miles to leeward with the Montezuma, then lying at anchor outside of the bar; she immediately got under way upon descrying the Ingham, bore down for and fired at her, at sunrise the "star spangled banner" was displayed from the mast head and main peak of the Ingham, at the same time letting slip her "dogs of war" at the Mexican, and tacked ship in chase of him. No sooner was the flash from the Ingham's gun perceived, than the Montezuma hauled her wind and made all sail from her. By this time the numerous sand hills in front of this port were literally covered with American citizens, whose heart-felt satisfaction on this occasion cannot be described. For six hours the Ingham was driving under a heavy press of sail, endeavoring to come up with the Montezuma, and firing at short intervals at her to bring her to. Twice the Mexican took heart and squared away for the Ingham. On these occasions the Ingham's foresail was in the brails immediately, and her topsail to the mast, gallantly waiting her approach; but no sooner was this perceived by the Mexican that he would haul his wind again and run from her. At 10 o'clock the captain of the port sent off a reinforcement of thirty men, with orders to defend the Montezuma and not disgrace the flag. We then expected a battle would ensue, but imagine our surprize when, instead of running down for the saucy little Ingham, he put his vessel head on shore and run her into the breakers, grounded on the bar, and had to throw over some articles before he could get her into the harbor. The Ingham then came to in handsome style, about a mile and a half leeward of the breakers and the same distance from the town, and despatched a boat for the shore. On her arrival the officers, Lieutenants Harby and Moore, waited upon the captain of the port, where they met the commanding officer of the Montezuma, and delivered him a note from Captain Jones, demanding the immediate liberation of the American citizens; the officers then waited upon General John J. Mason, an American citizen. They had been in the house but a few minutes with him, when Captain Boylen of the American brig Pharos, and several other Americans, entered, and informed them that a guard of soldiers and armed rabble, headed by the commanding officer of the Montezuma, were marching down to take their boat and crew.

The lieutenants of the Ingham rushed to their boat, sword in hand, ordered the crew to arm themselves and stand on their defence, which they did with an alacrity that has ever characterized the American tars on like occasions; one of the crew, by the name of William Peterson, seized the American ensign, jumped on shore, exclaiming "this is my protection;" this movement brought the soldiers and rabble to a stand, when a parley ensued between the American officers and this very gallant lieutenant commandant, who ordered our officers to put up their swords, which they refused unless assured they should not again be molested. At this crisis the captain of the port came down, and ordered the soldiers to their quarters, and severely reprimanded his heroic commandant of the Montezuma, and then apologized to our officers, pledging his word that the attack was unauthorized by him, at the same time assuring them that the American citizens whose immediate liberation Captain Jones had demanded, were set at liberty the day before, which was known to me, and confirmed by many American gentlemen then present; but it is evident their liberation was effected by the timely interference of Captain Jones, for it was known to the Mexican authorities here one week before their liberation, that Captain Jones had despatched Lieutenant Moore to Matagorda

for the purpose of obtaining the depositions of certain gentlemen that were on board the Martha when captured. At daylight the next morning the Ingham's boat left the harbor, but returned again in a few hours, with Lieutenant Harby, and a request from Captain Jones to the captain of the port to furnish him with a pilot, (they being entirely under his control,) for the purpose of bringing the Ingham into the harbor, which was not complied with, under the plea that the rabble were so excited in consequence of the Montezuma having been driven into port by the Ingham, that serious consequences might arise if she came in; he, no doubt, anticipated Captain Jones' intention, which I have since heard, of entering the harbor and demanding satisfaction for the cowardly attack made on his officers and boat's crew, which can be viewed in no other light than an insult offered to the American flag. Upon Lieutenant Harby's finding he could not get a pilot, he left the harbor and returned on board; the Ingham then got under way and stood to the east, and the general impression here is that she will attack the Montezuma, if she ventures out. The visit of this saucy little vessel here has brightened up every countenance, and has given them confidence in themselves and their government; more, it has convinced this government that the rights and liberties of American citizens are not to be trifled with.

The Montezuma is a much larger vessel than the Ingham, and at the time he ran into the breakers had at least fifty men on board, add to which a far superior battery; from what I can learn, the Ingham mustered twenty-four men, including her officers. The Mexicans feel and express great indignation toward the gallant commandant of the Montezuma for running, after having fired on the Ingham, and have represented his conduct to their government in such a way as will no doubt occasion his dismissal from the Mexican navy. It is due to Captain Jones to say that he acted solely on his own responsibility, not having time or opportunity to receive any instructions from our government on the subject; but he and his officers had proof that their countrymen were illegally seized, and incarcerated in the filthy hold of the Montezuma, and that our consul at Metamoras had interposed but in vain in their behalf. Thus stood the affair when the Ingham appeared off this port, and was fired on by the Montezuma. I conclude with saying, that the conduct of Captain Jones, his officers and crew, have merited the hearty thanks of every American in Mexico.

The passengers referred to are Mr. Thomas J. Early and Mr. Francis S. Early, sons of the late Governor of Georgia; Mr. A. G. Tugua, of Courtland, Alabama, and Mr. Rufus Turnage, of Memphis, Tennessee.

Your ob't serv't.

From the New York Journal of Commerce.

REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENTS.

A volume of 117 pages 12 mo. entitled "A Detail of particular services performed in America during the years 1776, 1777, 1778 and 1779, compiled from journals and original papers, supposed to be chiefly taken from the journal kept on board of the ship Rainbow, commanded by Sir Georg eCollier," has recently been published in this city, from a manuscript obtained by Ithiel Town, while in London, in the summer of 1830. We make the following extract:

"After a passage of about thirteen weeks from England, the convoy arrived at Sandy Hook, where they found Lord Howe who had taken upon him the command of the fleet. The army, under his brother, was encamped on Staten Island, within sight of the city of New York.

"The Hessian troops were immediately disembarked, and formed a separate camp. The great plenty of refreshment they received, soon recovered them from the fatigues of their long voyage, and rendered them perfectly fit for service. General Howe had now the satisfaction of finding himself at the head of full 24,000 fine troops, most completely furnished and appointed, commanded by the ablest and best officers in the world, and having a more numerous artillery than ever before was sent from England. Four hundred transports were anchored abreast of Staten Island, to carry them to any place the General might choose to attempt; and thirty-seven sail of men-of-war attended as a protection and escort, if it should be wanted. A force so tremendous by sea and land, struck terror into the

breast of every rebel, and they gave up, as hopeless, that independence which they had the presumption to proclaim but a little time before.

"From the nearest part of Staten Island, the city of New York was distant about six miles. The rebels had thrown up some trifling works on the different points of land leading up to it, but the channel was not intricate, and no one conceived that the dislodging them from the post they had taken, and becoming masters of New York, would be attended with any great hazard or difficulty. Mr. Washington, a (gentleman of property in Virginia, who had formerly served in the American troops last war against the French,) had the chief command of the rebel army, and took upon himself the title of general. The utmost of his collected force did not amount to 16,000 men, all of whom were undisciplined, unused to war, deficient in clothing, and even necessities, and very illprovided with artillery and ammunition. His officers were tradesmen of different professions, totally unacquainted with discipline, and consequently utterly unskilled in the art of war.

"Such was the exact state of both armies before any operation was undertaken. Justice on the royal side, and treason on the other, made the balance still more unequal.

"The season was already too far advanced to lose a moment from enterprise. The troops panted with the most gallant ardor to be led on to action; the men-of-war were impatiently anxious to attack the rebel batteries, (believing the traitors who were to defend them, would soon give up the point,) and longing to tear down and trample upon the thirteen stripes, which were seen insolently waving on bastions in many different places.

"Six fire-ships appeared at this time under the walls of New York, menacing the fleet at Staten Island. Had they attempted burning the transports in some dark night, when the wind and tide were favorable, much damage and confusion might have ensued, but they had not courage to hazard it.

"About this period, Commodore Sir Peter Parker, in the Bristol of 50 guns, joined Lord Howe, together with some frigates and transports, in the latter of which came General Clinton, and strong reinforcement of troops. This small fleet arrived at South Carolina, where an ill-judged attack had been made, and from which the King's ships were disgracefully forced to retreat, with the loss of three frigates and the main-mast of the Bristol.

"The arrival of a crippled ship and a defeated officer, at this time, was very unwelcome; for it infused fresh spirits into the rebels, and showed them that ships were sometimes obliged to retreat from batteries.

"Though every thing was apparently ready for going on service by the 15th August, yet it was the 26th before any enterprise was undertaken. On the morning preceding that day, Lord Howe (the commander-in-chief,) sent for Sir George Collier, and acquainted him, that early next morning the troops were to make a descent in Gravesend Bay, upon Long Island, under cover of the fire of the men-of-war. The Admiral, therefore, directed Sir George to place the Rainbow in the Narrows, abreast of a large stone building called Denyke's (where he understood the rebels had cannon and a strong post,) in which situation the Rainbow would also be able to enfilade the road leading from New York, and thereby prevent reinforcements being sent to the rebel outposts, as well as to their troops who were stationed to oppose the landing.

"By the dawn of day, the Rainbow was placed as the Admiral had directed. The principal engineer of the army had come on board in the night, to assist in directing the fire, and to point out any bands of loyal subjects, who might possibly approach, with an intention of joining and assisting the royal army.

"The rebels, intimidated at the tremendous force which appeared in the flat boats, withdrew their outposts, and suffered the King's troops to land without the least opposition. Sir H. Clinton, with the grenadiers and light infantry of the army, got first on shore. They were soon followed by other bodies of men, making in all about 16,000; with these last came General Howe, the commander-in-chief of the army, who marched to the small village of Utrecht, where he established his head quarters. Earl Cornwallis occupied the advanced post at Flatbush, a hamlet six miles from Utrecht.

"The army remained in this situation, without advancing, for some days; in which time the train of artillery, ammunition, baggage, and provisions were landed. Six regiments of the Hessians also joined the army, which amounted now to upwards of 20,000 men, besides those who remained on Staten Island.

"At last, General Howe began his march towards New York, moving in three columns, by as many different roads. Some of the rebel outposts were surprised, and the men all put to death with the bayonet. They fled in a panic wherever the royal troops appeared. A small stand was made by about 3,000 of them, who found themselves hemmed in: 2,500 of these were presently killed and made prisoners; the rest, frightened, defeated, and dismayed, were pursued to the edge of a ditch of a temporary work they had thrown up, into which the victorious troops would have entered with them, had they not been restrained by the most positive orders of the general. The retreat was sounded, and the conquering army halted. Their ardor was by this means cruelly checked; and one of the most glorious opportunities of ending the rebellion lost. It was said, the considerate general, careful of the lives of his men, intended to attack these paltry retrenchments by way of sapient. However that was, the rebels did not give him the trouble of breaking ground before it, but in silence and terror abandoned their works as soon as it was dark, and crossing the East river in boats, got safely over, without obstruction, to New York, with their artillery, baggage, and provisions, where they joined General Washington and the remainder of the rebel army.

"The enemy's loss in killed and wounded, in the different skirmishes on Long Island, was about 4,000 men. Amongst the prisoners were two of their generals, one named Sullivan, who had been bred a lawyer; the other calling himself Lord Stirling. About 6,000 rebels commanded by old Gates, fled across the water, who might all have been taken prisoners, had our troops been suffered to push on, or even if the men-of-war had proceeded to attack the batteries, as by getting into the East river they would have prevented boats from passing. Washington's army, with this reinforcement, amounted to 11,000 men; ours was at least double that number. As fresh reinforcements from Staten Island had joined the General, the men-of-war had moved gradually up as the troops advanced, and when the latter got to the margin of the East river, (which was about half a mile across,) the ships anchored just out of gun shot of the batteries of New York.

"They having to deal with a generous, merciful, forbearing enemy, who would take no unfair advantages, must surely have been highly satisfactory to General Washington, and he was certainly very deficient in not expressing his gratitude to General Howe for his kind behaviour towards him. Far from taking the rash resolution of hastily passing over the East river after Gates, and crushing at once a frightened, trembling enemy, he generously gave them time to recover from their panic,—to throw up fresh works,—to make new arrangements,—and to recover from the torpid state the rebellion appeared in from its late shock.

"For many succeeding days did our brave veterans, consisting of 22,000 men, stand on the banks of the East river, like Moses on Mount Pisgah, looking at their promised land, little more than half a mile distant. The rebel's standards waved insolently in the air, from many different quarters of New York. The British troops could scarcely contain their indignation at the sight and at their own inactivity; the officers were displeased and amazed, not being able to account for the strange delay. Gates fled across the river on the 29th August. The Rainbow (with Sir George Collier,) went to sea from thence on another service on the 8th September, at which time the royal army still remained on the same spot inactive, and without making any motions whatever. How long they continued this state of torpidity, or what followed their reanimation, cannot have place here; these pages being only intended to give an account of the services in which Sir George Collier was himself particularly engaged."

The U. S. frigate Constellation, Commodore Dallas, dropped down from the navy yard to the anchorage off the Naval Hospital, on Tuesday, 18th instant, preparatory to sailing for the West India station.

From the New England Review.

BATTLE OF PLATTSBURG.

The enemy soon advanced up the shores of the lake to the river Saranac, at the mouth of which stands the village of Plattsburg, backed and flanked by the forest, whose dark interminable line it sweetly breaks with its neat and cheerful dwellings, overlooking the bosom of a circular bay, which receives the waters of the river. Continual skirmishes now took place between the enemy and the flying parties of militia, seven hundred of which soon collected from the surrounding forests. The State of Vermont, which lines the opposite shores of the lake, then poured forth their mountainers. Scattering through a mountainous country, it might have been thought difficult to collect the scanty population; but the cry of invasion echoes from hill to hill, from village to village; some caught their horses from the plough, others run off on foot, leaving their herds in the pasture, and scarce exchanging a parting blessing with their wives and mothers as they handed them their muskets.

"From the grey sire, whose trembling hand
Could hardly buckle on his band,
To the raw boy, whose shaft and bow
Were yet scarce terror of the crow,
Each valley, each sequestered glen,
Muster'd its little horde of men.
They met as torrents from the height,
In highland dale their streams unite:
Still gathering as they pour along,
A voice more loud, a tide more strong."

Their guns on their shoulders, a powder flask at their sides, sometimes a ration in their pockets, crowd after crowd poured into Burlington; and all, as a friend who had witnessed the scene described it to me, "came on a run, whether on their legs or on their horses."

The beautiful little town of Burlington covers the breast of a hill on the opposite shore, and somewhat higher up the lake than Plattsburg. Here every boat and canoe were put in requisition; troop after troop hurried to the shore, and as the scattered crowds poured into Plattsburg, they collected in lines on the Saranac to resist the passage of the enemy, or struck into the woods with orders to harass their rear.

The fleet was now equipped, and when that of the enemy appeared in sight, moored across the entrance of the bay. With such breathless alacrity had the Americans prepared to meet the encounter, that one of the vessels which then entered into action, had been built and equipped in the space of a fortnight; eighteen days previous to the engagement, the timbers of which it was constructed had been actually growing in the forest upon the shores of the lake.

The British flotilla, under the command of Captain Downie, mounted 95 guns, and upwards of four thousand men: the Americans under Commodore M'Donough, eight hundred men. The first exchange of cannon between the fleets was the signal of the armies on land. A desperate conflict ensued. The British with daring bravery twice attempted to force the bridges, and twice were driven back; then filing up the river, a detachment attempted to ford; but here a volley of musquetry suddenly assailed them from the woods, and force them to retreat with loss.

The issue of the day was left by both parties to depend upon the naval engagement then raging in the sight of both armies. Many an anxious glance was cast upon the waters by those stationed near the shore. For two hours the conflict remained doubtful; the vessels on either side were stripped of their sails and rigging; reeling hulks, they still gave and received the shocks that threatened to submerge them. The vessel of the American Commodore was twice on fire; her cannon dismounted and her sides leaking; and enemy was in the same condition.

The battle for a moment seemed a drawn one, when both attempted a manœuvre which was to decide the day. With infinite difficulty the American ship veered about; the enemy attempted the same in vain; a fresh fire poured in upon her and she struck. A shout then awoke upon the shore, and ringing along the lines, swelled for a moment above the roar of the battle. For a short space the British efforts relaxed; but then, at if nerved rather than dismayed by misfortune, the experienced veterans stood their ground, and continued the fight until darkness constrained its suspension.

The little town of Burlington, during the busy hours, displayed a far different but not less interesting scene—all occupations were interrupted; the anxious inhabitants lining the heights and straining their eyes and ears to catch some signal that might speak the fate of a combat upon which so much depended.

The distant firing and smoke told when the fleets were engaged. The minutes and the hours dragged on heavily; hopes and fears alternately prevailed, when at length the cannonading suddenly ceased; but still with the aid of telescope nothing could be distinguished across the vast waters, save the last wreath of smoke had died away, and that life property were lost or saved.

Not a sound was heard, the citizens looked at each other without speaking, women and children wandering along the beach, with many of the Vermont troops, who had continued to drop in during the day, but found no means of crossing the lake. Every boat was on the other shore and all were still too busy there to ferry over tidings of the naval combat. The evening fell, and still no moving speck appeared upon the waters. A dark night, heavy with fog, closed in, and some with maddened hearts sought their homes, while others still lingered hearkening at every breath, pacing to and fro distractedly, and wildly imagining all the probable and possible causes which might occasion this suspense. Were they defeated—some would have taken to the boats: were they successful—some would have burned to bring the tidings. At eleven at night a shout broke in darkness from the waters. It was one of triumph. Was it from friends or enemies? Again it broke louder; it was recognised and re-echoed by the listeners on the beach, and swelled up the hill, and "Victory! victory" rang through the village. I could not describe the scene as it was described to me; but you will suppose how the blood eddied from the heart; young and old ran about frantic; how they laughed, wept, and sung and wept again. In half an hour the town was in a blaze of light.—*N. E. Review.*

Selected Poetry.

[BY REQUEST.]

From the North Alabamian.

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

In solemn cadence, view the martial train,
With ARMS rever'd, they silently move on;
Whilst the shrill fife, and hollow sounding drum,
With the rich notes that grace the bugle's sound,
In pensive numbers, fill the ambient air.

The last abode of all, the silent grave,
Receives the soldier to its cold embrace,
Whilst the loud musketry proclaim, he's mount'd
His last guard, his duty's done, and his freed
Soul in fairer realms on high, has joined
The army of bright Angels there.

Inured to hardships—rear'd 'midst dire alarms,
War's noble art, through pain and weariness
By him was learnt; and though oft needing half
Those joys for which we mortals pant, yet still,
His ardent soul, through summer's scorching heat,
And winter's piercing cold, without a sigh,
Endured the passing variant ills,
And won a soldier's name.

At dead of night, when stars their vigil keep,
Oft have I listened with attentive ear,
To gain instruction from his well told tale
Of deeds of valor, or of battle won;
Then tears would course his sunburnt cheeks,
As memory pictured to his feeling heart,
How many widows wept, and orphans mourned.

Peace! comrade, to thy high aspiring soul;
Though Alabama's groves o'er shade thy tomb,
Thy spirit in the Heaven of the brave
Rests from all stratagems of war,—no more
The bugle's swelling notes shall call to arms,
Or war disturb thee by its dire alarms.

A. F. B.—4th Inf'y.

WASHINGTON;

THURSDAY, AUGUST 27, 1835.

GEN. TOWSON AND COM. ELLIOTT.

As faithful chroniclers of passing events, connected with our army and navy, we must not omit to notice an angry and recriminative correspondence which has been carried on for a few weeks past, between General N. TOWSON, Paymaster General of the Army, and Commodore J. D. ELLIOTT, of the Navy.

During the absence of Commodore Elliott, in command of the frigate Constitution, sent out to convey home from France our late minister, Mr. LIVINGSTON, two or three short biographical sketches of the Commodore appeared in the Boston Courier, over the signature of B. W. [probably written by Dr. B. Waterhouse, of Cambridge, Mass.] In one of these, allusion was made to the capture of the British brigs Detroit and Caledonia on Lake Erie, in October, 1812, by an expedition planned by Commodore, (then Lieutenant) E., the whole credit for which was attributed to him. Shortly after his return to New York, General T. addressed a letter to the Commodore, calling his attention to the article, and asking him to make such a statement as would give to the detachment of artillery which volunteered for the enterprise, under his command, its due share of the credit. This Commodore E. declined doing, alleging that an official report was made at the time, which had become history, and could not now be altered; and adding, that as Captain T. had waived his rank to serve as a private on the occasion, he had received as much credit as he was entitled to.

General T., in reply denies the assertion that he waived his rank any farther than that it should not interfere with the rank of Lieutenant E., as commander of the expedition; that he never surrendered the right to command his own troops; he also refers Commodore E., to the prize ticket given by him, recognizing Gen. T., as a Captain of Marines.

The correspondence eventuated in an intimation from Commodore E. that it must be brought to a close, and that he would receive no further communication, unless it were a challenge.

General T. proceeded from Washington to New York, and proposed to Commodore E. that each should choose a friend, who were to decide which of the two must give the challenge, neither party appearing disposed to become the challenger. This proposition Commodore E. declined, though he was willing to consider the proposition itself as a direct challenge; but it was not agreed to by the other party. Consequently no duel took place—the Constitution sailed on her cruise—and General Towson has returned to Washington.

A Greek vessel, called the Alexandros, has arrived at Boston, and is an object of much curiosity to the citizens of that place, being not only the first Greek vessel arrived at that port, but in the United States. The Greek flag was never before seen there; it is somewhat similar to the American flag, only the stripes are blue and white, alternately, instead of red and white; and that part corresponding to the union in ours, is a white ground with a blue cross. The Alexandros was built for a brig of war, and is owned by her commander, who is a fine, stout looking man, and arrests the attention of every one as he passes in the streets. This is not to be wondered at, unaccustomed as we are to the sight of petticoat trowsers, short jacket, and red cap. Formerly the Greeks wore the turban, but since

they have acquired their independence, the red cap with a tassel suspended from the top is now universally worn. The officers and crew are all Greeks, not one of whom understand our language, and are all dressed in the costume of their country.

Captain Back, an account of whose expedition may be found in our last number, sailed from New York for England in the packet of the 16th instant, having spent only one day in that city. The *Albion* says that throughout his whole route, while in the United States, the best feelings have been manifested towards him. As soon as his canoes were descried on the waters of Lake Superior from the ramparts of Fort Brady, the "star spangled banner" flew aloft in token of welcome; this was followed by the most cordial and pressing invitation to make a short stay there, but the time did not admit of their acceptance. The intrepid traveller, however, landed for a few moments at the fort, to thank the commandant and his officers for their proffered kindness, where he was received with a salute of thirteen guns.

FORT GIBSON.—The extract in another column from the National Intelligencer corroborates what we have heard orally, and what some of our correspondents have asserted with regard to the situation of Fort Gibson. A large portion of the officers are desirous of a removal of the post, on account of its location, unhealthiness, distance from civilization, and the ruinous condition of the buildings. If a removal of the post cannot be accomplished, they desire at least an exchange with another regiment, the 7th infantry having been upwards of fourteen years at its present position.

A HINT.—We must again remind correspondents, who write upon their own affairs, to ~~not~~ pay the postage. We consider that such communications as those of *Young Fogram*, and *Enquirer*, should not be sent at our expense.

ARRIVAL AT WASHINGTON.

August 19—Lieut. H. G. Sill, 1st Artillery, at Mrs. Pittman's.

RECEIPTS BY MAIL, &c.

ON ACCOUNT OF THE ARMY AND NAVY CHRONICLE.
[From the th to the th August, , inclusive.]
Not worth reporting!

GEOGETOWN, D. C., Augt 22.

SEVERE ACCIDENT.—We very much regret to state, that Mr. J. W. Jarvis, of this town, a clerk in the Ordnance Office, had, on Thursday afternoon, his left hand so dreadfully shattered by the bursting of a gun, as to render an immediate amputation necessary. Mr. Jarvis is a young gentleman whose many excellent traits have endeared him to a large circle of acquaintance, and by every one who has heard of it, the severe injury he has sustained is greatly lamented.—*Metropolitan.*

INFORMATION WANTED.

If JAIRUS LOOMIS, formerly a sailing master in the U. S. Navy, be living, he is requested to furnish his address to the Editor of the Army and Navy Chronicle, Washington city.

Should this notice meet the eye of any person who knows what has become of Mr. Loomis, he will confer a favor by giving the desired information, as above.

Sailing Master Loomis commanded the U. S. sloop Eagle, at the time of her capture on Lake Champlain, 3d June, 1813, and was afterwards an acting lieutenant in the squadron under Commodore Macdonough.

Aug. 13—tf

Communications.**LOSS OF THREE ANCHORS IN THE BAY OF SISAL, BY THE U. S. SHIP VANDALIA.**

The loss of three anchors, by the breaking of their shanks, is so unusual an occurrence, that a similar one is not remembered to have ever taken place within the life-time of the oldest and most experienced on board; and I may assert, without fear of contradiction, that the like has not occurred in the greatest part of the last century. As it was not by a heavy strain that these anchors parted, I consider that it might be necessary to inquire into the cause or causes, and ascertain, as far as practicable, whether they were made of bad material, or badly manufactured, or were broken by the manner in which they fell upon a very hard bottom; I will leave this task, however, to the scientific and experienced officers in the navy.

Did the loss of the anchors accrue from either of the two former causes, the proving them when they were made, or purchased for the navy, ought to have determined it. But, in my humble opinion, which I give with the greatest diffidence, the present method of proving anchors for the navy does not appear to me to try the shank sufficiently. The manner in which they are proved is by hoisting them up by the ring to a certain height, and letting them fall upon pigs of iron ballast, or some other hard substance; this seems to me to try the *flues* only, and not the shanks, as the anchor falls upon the crown; and when an anchor is let go by a vessel of war, it is not customary to "cock-bill" it all; it is let go stock and flue together, and the pea, or lower flue, strikes the bottom first, and not the crown. If the bottom is moderately soft it enters, but if, on the contrary, as at Sisal, the ground is very hard, the weight of the anchor falling upon it in this manner, might possibly snap the shank, unless the material is very tough, which does not appear to have been the case with these. When the first anchor (the larboard bower) was let go, the ship was head to wind, with the sails clued up; but as it never held at all, and a squall struck the ship at the time, the second anchor (starboard bower) was let go also; this held, and when the squall was over, the messenger was passed on the starboard cable and brought to the capstan in order to sight it, as it was thought to be foul; and when it came to the bows, lo! and behold, it had no flues. The chain was unbent from it, and bent to the larboard waist anchor, and it was let go; the messenger was shifted to the larboard cable, and when it came up, it was the same as the starboard one. The buoy rope had got foul of the ring of this anchor, and although the shank broke, the flues, it appears, had stuck in the ground, for the ship rode by the buoy rope; but when it was cleared, the ship dropped astern, and the waist anchor did not bring her up, but merely tautened the chain; it was instantly hove up, and, like its predecessors, without arms, and strongly resembled a mammoth nail gimlet.

We got under way, and stood off and on, until our boat returned on the following day. A description of the appearance of the materials of which these anchors were manufactured may enable those who understand the matter, to judge of, and decide upon its quality. All the three anchors broke close down to the *flues*. The starboard bower appeared to have had an old flaw in it at the place it broke, as only a small portion of the entire shank was bright, or looked as if newly broken; the other part was much eaten with rust, and the iron was of a very coarse grain, resembling ore in its rough state. The larboard bower was also considerably rusted in the centre, owing to the two pieces of iron, of which the shank was formed, not being properly welded together, but left hollow in the centre, nearly the whole length of the shank.

The larboard waist anchor looked, when broken, like excellent stuff; the grain was very fine, and there was no appearance of any flaws in it.

Whatever the causes may be, they certainly deserve investigation, and the defects (if any) remedied, as the safety of the ship and lives of the crew depend upon the anchors and cables, and both would have been sacrificed by a similar occurrence in several of the many bays and roadsteads visited by our national vessels.

JOHN PAUL JONES.

THE NEW INFANTRY TACTICS.

MR. EDITOR:—It seems as if the inventive powers of some individuals were endless. When we advised a different colored binding for the several volumes of the Infantry Tactics, for the sole purpose of distinction, it did not occur to us that this distinction, to be complete, should address itself to more sense than one. To effect the omission on our part, the brigadier in charge of the printing and binding has caused the second volume to appear in red and gold; the red cloth, unlike the blue imitation of seal skin, is smooth, and the emblematic bugle horn of the DOUGH BOYS is stamped on the flanks of each book, so that by day or by night the most blind may find which is the MILITARY TACTICS and which the INFANTRY.

The color of the third volume has caused much speculation and many odd remarks. Since our suggestion has been followed, we flatter ourselves that good taste is properly appreciated, and accordingly propose that for the third volume, there be no binding whatever, inasmuch as it is unnecessary, since the Evolutions of the Line are never used except at the "seat of science," and then only for a few days of each year. A friend at my elbow says "Why not omit the printing itself, as the system will doubtless be changed before long, particularly when the price of translation is so high?" We object to this, and say the whole system has been bought, and although "too much has been paid for the whistle," it must be printed, bound and sold again.

But to the inside. Here we perceive an omission of certain signals for the light infantry drill or rather skirmishing.

We are induced to believe this on account of the inordinate length of all the commands which should be, as every experienced officer knows, the reverse, if they are to be given to the troops by the "word of mouth." Now, as it is next to impossible, in their present state to do this, it struck us that they were to be made known by means of the bugle, and as no signals of this kind are mentioned, we have concluded that the above omission is accidental.

We regret to be obliged to say that this part of the tactics has undergone a total and thorough alteration of the manœuvres and commands; and what is still more to be regretted, all for the worse! A single reading will prove our assertion conclusively—the very platoon, detained as a reserve, has been changed from that of the flank to the centre! In short, it is so different, and withal so deficient, that it will be found useless, and in time of need, recourse will necessarily be had to the old system of light infantry.

Although this volume bears "a little" the marks of our genius, we, out of regard for the service, ask the immediate attention of the infantry officers to it, being confident that an attentive reading of it and a comparison with the old drill, will result in an application to the War Department that this part may be hung up under the second section of the orders issued on the 10th April, 1835, on the subject of which we have been writing, and of which we shall hold our peace hereafter.

YOUNG FOGRAM.**ASSIGNMENT OF QUARTERS.**

MR. EDITOR:—Over the signature of "SUB-SENEK," is an article in your paper of the 13th August, on the subject of quarters, apparently written by some dissatisfied subaltern. The complaint is that an assistant surgeon, having just passed a medical board and arriving at a garrison, may take precedence in reference to quarters of a 2d lieutenant who has been a whole year fledged from the Military Academy—*mirabile dictu!* What injustice! An experienced physician,—perhaps a practitioner of ten or fifteen years standing,—who is charged with the lives and health of a garrison,—a gentleman perhaps of forty,—by virtue of his importance to the army, his medical standing, &c., has preference over a young gentleman 2d lieutenant, just "from college broke loose;" and this, "SUB-SENEK" thinks unjust, contrary to reason, &c. Now will Lieutenant SUB-SENEK please recollect a remarkable difference between a 2d lieutenant, educated at the Military Academy at the public expense, and a medical officer educated at his own expense or that of his parents. I am not inclined to take one jot or tittle away from the merits of an academic élève, nor am I

disposed to doubt for a single moment that when our country calls, those young gentlemen will fly to the eagle banner, and under its stripes gallantly defend the land of their birth. But why all this pother about quarters and a brevet 2d lieutenant's rights? Really one would suppose, after reading some such articles as the one penned by "SUB-SENEK," that a second lieutenant was a man of great consequence in the eyes of the country, and that the good fortune of getting an excellent mathematical education (I will not say a liberal one) at the government cost is a great merit. A great portion of the army has fallen into an egregious error. Too many imagine that they fill a great space in the public eye; they are mistaken. The American army, both in the revolution and during the last war, distinguished itself, and in many instances covered itself with glory. It will do so again when occasion demands the military services of an intelligent, free and gallant people! Discussions, however, about quarters, change of regiments, &c., are harmless things, and attract just as much attention as such small matters deserve; but if the majority of the officers are wise, and at all acquainted with the sentiments of the people, they will let the subject of *their pay* alone. If the army is not as popular, in time of peace, as the navy, it is simply because it is not as useful. In a country where there is neither a king, a nobility, nor a large military force, officers, like other citizens, must expect consideration in proportion to their *immediate* utility, and not in reference to what they may be next war. If the subject of the officers' pay is stirred in Congress, the pruning hand of an Abijah Mann may diminish it instead of increasing the amount now received. To revert to the rights of assistant surgeons: it is a matter of great surprise to me that the old regulation was ever abolished. Medical officers should always have choice of quarters, as formerly, next to the commanding officer. Perhaps in another article, if I think the subject worthy of farther attention, I may give "SUB-SENEK" reasons for this last opinion.

SENEX.

THE ARMY.

MR. EDITOR:—Your correspondent, "Corporal Trim, 2d Regiment," has, in Nos. 24, and 26, of the Army and Navy Chronicle, attempted to show the "object of the army," and also to point out what its organization ought to be, "to meet the wants of the country." In enumerating the "objects of the army," "Corporal Trim" seems to have forgotten that we have revenue laws to enforce; that in the slave-holding States the presence of a military force is at all times necessary, to keep in subjection the black population. I fear that the "object" of "Corporal Trim's" army, if attained, would not "meet the wants of the country." "Corporal Trim's" proposed organization of the army, is without parallel; in organizing an army, we must look to the future as well as the present "object"; but "Corporal Trim" appears to have lost sight of every thing, except his overweening desire to lop off the "excrescences." According to the best authorities the proportion of dragoons and artillery, as at present existing in our army, is too great for the infantry; yet "Corporal Trim," would, "without ceremony," lop off this arm! Has Corporal Trim ever served on the northern or western frontiers? I presume not, or he would not have been so ignorant of the arduous duties annually performed by the infantry, "to meet the wants of the country." Comparisons between corps are generally invidious, and should be avoided as far as possible, but when "Corporal Trim" argues the inutility of our generals, and the infantry, it is necessary to recur to the past, to show the fallacy of such reasoning. It will no doubt be highly gratifying to the heroes of Chippewa, Niagara, Erie, and Plattsburg, to be told by "Corporal Trim," that they are excrescences, and no longer of any service to the country, and that they ought to be "lopped off."

LOUISIANA.

SPEECH OF AN INDIAN CHIEF.

—15th August, 1835.

MR. EDITOR: Herewith you will receive an Indian speech, delivered in Washington city some years since by "the Ridge," (commonly called Major-Ridge,) a distinguished warrior and orator of the Cherokees.

This "talk" was addressed, on the 10th of January, 1824, to General ANDREW JACKSON, then a Senator in Congress from the State of Tennessee. Its authenticity may be relied on, and although perhaps deficient in the polished diction, and artfully contrasted periods, so conspicuous in the harangues of more civilized orators, still I question if the gallant leader therein addressed was not more impressed with the artless friendliness and sincerity of the "talk" of his old companion in arms, than he has often since been with the more courtly and harmonious, yet insincere, phrases of foreign courtiers and diplomats.

A.

"My heart is glad when I look upon you; our heads have become white; they are blossomed with age. It is the course of nature; we ought to thank the Great Spirit who has taken care of our lives."

"When we first met we were walking in the Red Path; we waded in blood until the murders of our women and children had ceased. In the land of our enemies we kindled our war-fires; we sat by them until morning, when battle-arms and the yell of our enemies arose on the air; we met them; they either fled or fell."

"War is no more heard in our land. The mountains speak peace; joy is in all our valleys. The warrior is careless, and smokes the pipe of peace; his arms lie idle; he points to them, and speaks to his children of his valiant deeds; his glory will not depart with him, but will remain with his sons."

"We have met near the house of our great father the President; friendships formed in danger are not soon forgotten; nor will the hungry man forget him who fed him."

"The meeting of friends gladdens the heart; our faces are bright as we look on each other."

"We rejoice that our great father has been kind to us; the men of his house are friendly. Our hearts have been with you always, and we are happy again to take the great chief by the hand. When the Cherokee warrior returns to his tribe, he will tell of his meeting his companion in the battles."

Domestic Miscellany.

From the Delaware Journal.

ADVENTURES OF A THIRTY-TWO POUND SHOT.

The affair which occurred in the harbor of Toulon, in the spring of 1834, when, in firing a salute in honor of the French King's birth day, some shot from the United States frigate United States, struck the French Admiral's ship, and killed one or two men—made some noise at the time, but is now scarcely remembered, except as one of those accidents which often occur in naval experience, and which the strictest discipline and the most cautious vigilance may not always prevent. The first lieutenant is considered responsible for the discipline of the ship; but much of that responsibility must be, if we may so express it, merely technical. There are many minute details, in reference to which the most vigilant and competent officers must rely upon subordinates, who may not always be trustworthy; and a slight neglect in these details may derange, for the moment, the best conceived plan, and produce events as serious as that which occurred at Toulon. It was the loss of life, and not the infrequency or the enormity of the accident at Toulon, that gave it an air of national importance; for such things have occurred more than once before, as well in our service as in the naval service of other countries, without exciting remark beyond the spot where they happened. These remarks lead me to relate an anecdote communicated by a naval officer, detailing an incident which belongs to this class of naval casualties, and which might have had as tragical a termination as that of Toulon, but terminating differently, may now serve to excite a smile or amuse a passing hour.

The scene is laid in the harbor of Smyrna. The United States sloop of war Ontario, returning from a cruise in the Archipelago, put into Smyrna, in the month of February, 1831, on the eve of Washington's birth day. The Ontario dropped anchor in the spacious harbor, outside of the immense fleet of shipping which is always to be found in that great Eastern mart. In the distance was to be seen the city, its port enlivened by merchant vessels of almost every nation, and be-

tween them and the Ontario a number of English, French, and Dutch ships of war.

On the morning of the 22d, the gallant sloop was dressed out with flags flying from every mast head, in honor of the father of his country; and Captain S. went ashore to transact business with the American consul, Mr. Offley, leaving orders for the customary observance of the day. The first lieutenant accordingly directed that preparations should be made for the birthday salute, by drawing the shot from the guns. In executing this service, the routine is to draw the shot and lay it alongside of the gun, so that the officer, in passing along to see that the duty has been performed, observing the shot, is satisfied of the fact. On this occasion it happened that the cabin guns were first drawn, and to avoid lumbering the cabin, the shot were directed to be carried away. One of these shot, it seems, from carelessness or hurry, was laid alongside of one of the guns in the waist, before that gun had been drawn; and to this slight circumstance were owing the mischances of the day.

While the salute was firing, the attention of the first lieutenant was attracted by the report of one of the guns, and he immediately called out—

"Gunner—that gun had a shot in it."

"No, sir,—the gunner replied—there is the shot along side of the gun."

"No matter for that," said the lieutenant—I am satisfied from the sound, that the gun was shotted."

"I do not think so, sir, rejoined the gunner—but at any rate, the guns are so depressed that the shot could do no harm."

The guns had been depressed to prevent damage to the neighboring shipping, from the wadding.

The salute was fired, and the first lieutenant had gone below, leaving the second lieutenant in charge of the deck. While this officer was pacing the deck, unconscious of impending evil, he observed a boat putting off from a Dutch gun brig, their nearest neighbor, and steering for the Ontario. She was soon alongside, and a Dutch lieutenant stepped upon the deck, with strong symptoms of consternation in his demeanor.

"Mein Gott, sir—was his first salutation—You fired a shot into us just now, which carried away our main peam and almost kilt a man."

The American officer expressed his deep regret at the accident, and requested the Dutch officer to be seated while he communicated the circumstance to the first lieutenant. Stepping to the companion, he called down in an under tone to the first lieutenant—

"H.—do you know we've shot a Dutchman this morning!"

"Shot a Dutchman—impossible!" cried the lieutenant.

"It's a fact—here's an officer from the Dutch gun brig on board of us, and he tells me we've carried away some of his tackle, and almost kilt a man."

"Then, for God's sake, my dear fellow, get a boat, go on board and explain the accident, and make every proper apology; ascertain what damage has been done, and offer suitable reparation."

The officer went on board the Dutch brig and explained the accident to the captain, whom he found a very reasonable man, and satisfied with the explanation he gave him. The shot, it seems, had ricochetted—struck the surface of the water and glanced off—passed over the Dutchman's poop, and struck his main boom, or "peam," as the Dutch officer had it. The lieutenant inquired for the man who was "almost kilt," and was gratified to learn that the "almost" meant that the shot had passed *pretty near* a young middy who was walking on the poop at the time, but had neither hit nor hurt him. The Dutch captain politely declined an offer to repair the broken boom, and the American lieutenant returned to his ship. He had scarcely finished his report to the first lieutenant, when a boat came alongside with an officer from a French Corvette, which was lying beyond the Dutch brig. We may observe, by the way, that at the time we are speaking of, there was much coolness subsisting between the American and French officers in the Mediterranean, growing out of the unfortunate fracas which had occurred a short time before at Mahon, between some American and French sailors, in which a French officer and an American sailor were killed. The French officer came upon deck, and with a demeanor which was any thing but conciliatory, stated, that a shot from the Ontario had passed over the French king's Corvette —, car-

ried away some of the rigging, and a quantity of seamen's clothing which had been hung out to dry.

The officer, stepping to the companion, communicated this additional misfortune to the first lieutenant.

"H.—we've shot a Frenchman!"

"Shot a Frenchman!" exclaimed H.—is it possible! When shall I hear the last of that infernal shot! Go on board, my dear —, without delay, and satisfy Monsieur, that it was an accident."

The lieutenant accordingly went on board the French corvette, and explained to the captain the circumstances, expressing his deep regret at the accident, and offering to send the proper persons from the Ontario, to repair all damages. Monsieur, however, was not in as placable a mood as Myneher; he declined the offer to repair damages, but talked of informing his government, and maintained a reserved and offended manner, until the American officer's patience began to wear out: assuming as stately a demeanor as the Frenchman, he gravely observed—"Sir, I have informed you of the circumstances of this accident, and made you every apology which, in my opinion, the nature of the case requires. Will you be pleased to inform me whether you are satisfied?" The French captain immediately relaxed—"Oh, oui, Monsieur, certainment, certainement, c'est assez, c'est assez."—The American officer thereupon made his bow and returned to the Ontario.

The officers now indulged the hope, that this unlucky shot had terminated its adventures without further mischief; but the circumstances being such as the first lieutenant thought should be immediately communicated to the captain, they remained on deck until his return. Captain S. came on board about 9 o'clock, and after a few observations, took the first lieutenant aside—

"H.—said he—do you know, that you fired a shot to-day?"

"Yes, sir—said H.—I am perfectly aware of that fact—but how did you learn it, Captain S.?"

"Why the shot struck an Austrian!"

"Struck an Austrian!" echoed H.—

"Aye—struck an Austrian brig,—replied the captain—the Austrian captain brought the shot to Mr. Offley's while we were dining."

"Did you actually see the shot, Captain S.?" said H.—

"I actually saw the shot—it was brought as I told you, by the Austrian captain, to the consul's while we were at dinner, and laid upon the table."

"Where is the shot now, sir?"

"At Mr. Offley's."

"Was any one hurt on board the Austrian ship?" inquired H.—

"No, but some damage is done to the vessel."

"Thank God, then,—cried H., that I've heard the last of that shot! Never gun fired such a shot before—first, cut away a Dutchman's spanker, next, a Frenchman's rigging, and now it's hulled an Austrian! But you are sure, Captain S., that you saw the shot at Mr. Offley's?"

A boat was sent on board the Austrian vessel early the next morning. She proved to be a large, new, stong built brig, of about 350 tons—a Black sea trader. The ball, which, after it glanced from the water, had passed over the Dutch and French vessels in an ascending course, began to descend before it struck the Austrian; and such was its impetus, that it drove through the thick, strong, side of the vessel, carried away a heavy stanchion, and finally brought up on the opposite side of the brig's hold, among a number of men who were at work, without hurting a man. The carpenter of the Ontario soon put all to rights on board of the Austrian—and thus ended—"The Adventures of a thirty-two pound shot."

From the National Intelligencer.

FORT GIBSON.

The subjoined communication, from a distant officer, discloses a state of things which ought to be exposed to those who have the power to correct the evils complained of. The writer of this communication is unknown to us except by name; but his name would be a guaranty for the fidelity of his statements, if they were not, as they are, corroborated by information from various other sources, and had not been for a long time notorious to all who any thing of the affairs of the army.

To Messrs. GALES & SEATON:

I take the liberty of making a few extracts from a private letter which I received a few days since from a friend, who is now, and has been for many years, stationed at Fort Gibson, Arkansas, for the purpose of giving them publicity in your valuable and influential paper. The letter was not written for publication, and I fear that in submitting its contents for this purpose, I rely too much on the partiality of my friend. The letter, however, seems to me of too much importance to justify me in withholding the information it contains from those who are, like yourselves, interested in the welfare, and whose duty it is to correct the evils and abuses in our army. I feel deeply interested in this matter, for I have suffered in common with other officers the evils alluded to. When you have perused these extracts you will not wonder, I think, that the officers of the regiment are anxious for a change of station: but your surprise will rather be, that they have suffered so long in silence from causes jeopardizing, uselessly, the health, and sacrificing the lives of both officers and men.

If you should feel an unwillingness to publish the extracts, you will much oblige me by sending them to the editor of the "Army and Navy Chronicle" for this purpose.

I subscribe my name for the purpose of giving you the authority for them, but I desire it may not be published.

FORT GIBSON, July 17, 1835.

"Yours of the — ultimo, I received last mail, and I am not surprised to see by it your repugnance to join your company, for of all places I think Gibson the worst and without doubt the hottest and most unhealthy in the U. States. Besides, our quarter are truly rotting over our heads, and not sufficient by one-fourth to accommodate the third of the officers of the regiment, if present, and *none are to be built!* but patch, patch, patch the old ones up, here and there, to stop a leak. This, however, is not the greatest of our troubles or vexations, for almost every day, surely every week, an armed command leaves here either for the prairies, or to seek and destroy whiskey in the Cherokee nation. Our garrison, as to troops, are reduced to the smallest number from these causes and sickness. Captain L., from necessity, had to command a detachment of two companies that left here last week for the head waters of the False Washita, and neither was his own. Lieutenant Seaton has another detachment of thirty men escorting provisions to Major Mason, who is encamped on the head waters of Little River. Major B. commands two companies encamped out on the hills, to scatter the troops on account of the sickness in the garrison, and Lieutenant G. has another detachment of ten men taking villainous white people out of the Indian country, and Lieutenant P. another detachment hunting for whiskey. Such is our constant occupation and duties, harassing to officers and soldiers, and it is not surprising that you or any other absent officer should wish to keep away.

"Our families are, and have been constantly sick, owing to the unhealthy situation of our quarters; but we can get no others, and must submit.

"God send that by your influence united, * you could get the regiment removed; it would meet the appro-
priation of every one in it, except (3) * — * — *. Your friend,

* Alluding to the captains of the regiment absent from the post.

From the Philadelphia U. S. Gazette.

Extract of a letter dated "Callao, May 8th, 1835.

"U. S. FRIGATE BRANDYWINE.—Nothing new here from my friends of the United States. The Government as unsettled as when I last wrote. General Salaverry, who I mentioned, having usurped the presidential authority, is increasing in power, and daily gains new adherents. No decisive action has as yet taken place between him and General Obregoso, the legal president, though Salaverry left here with his troops about six weeks since for that purpose. The latter is now endeavoring to organize something like

a navy, with materials consisting of one sloop and three or four small brigs, commanded badly, equipped worse, and manned *not-at-all*; for the beings on board, though living creatures, are far from what we call men. Day before yesterday, as we passed close to one of their brigs in our boat, a man jumped from the forecastle and swam for us; we took him in, and he proved to be an American from New York, who had been pressed on board of her down the coast. Our commodore demanded him, and this morning he was delivered to us, and is now on board. Had we not been here, the poor fellow might have remained on board, as he was half starved, nearly naked, and badly treated.

"A few weeks since, Salaverry took one of Obregoso's generals prisoner—I think his Secretary of War. He was brought here and confined in the castle until a few mornings since, when he was dragged from his wife at 3 o'clock in the morning, and shot. She had been permitted to remain with him, poor creature, and was in a very delicate situation; so much for Salaverry's summary justice!

"The squadron are all away now, but when last heard from were in excellent health."

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.—This institution is one of those modes of benevolent action to which no reasonable mind can find any objection. Its object is the moral regeneration of a deserving class of the community; and its means are unexceptionable as its end. These are, not the doubtful publication of works that may or may not be read, but the establishment, "in every port, of boarding houses of good character, saving banks, libraries, museums, reading rooms, and schools, and also the ministrations of the Gospel, and other religious blessings." These are the obvious sources of a good that may be seen and felt, and to the support of which the virtuous and patriotic in every community stand pledged. We have now lying before us the Seventh Annual Report of this society, being for the year ending May, 1835, in which the extent and plan of its operations are in some manner set forth. From this, it appears that the institution, although as yet but in its infancy, has done much to ameliorate the condition of the sailor, and improve his morals. They have missionary establishments at Canton, Havre, Honolulu, in the Sandwich Islands, Marseilles, Smyrna, Mobile bay, Havana, and New Orleans. In addition to these, there are eighteen home establishments, in as many ports on our sea coast; and several societies, in various places on the rivers, canals, and lakes, in the interior. During the year 1834, the receipts of the society were \$12,367 71, and the expenditures somewhat within that amount. There were forty-six auxiliary societies at the time of making up of the report; and the grand total of donations from societies and individuals amounted to \$9,320 17. This is indeed but a small sum, when we consider the all-important objects of this society, and the vast number of persons and extent of country upon which its operations are intended to have effect. With its success is connected the cause of science and general knowledge—the progress of the temperance reform—and the moral regeneration of our seaport towns, foreign and heathen nations, and indeed the whole world. It is to be hoped that all who value these important objects, will rally round this society, and give it their cordial approbation and liberal support.—*Brooklyn (N. Y.) Evening Advertiser.*

THE APPROACHING COMET.—The present year is one of peculiar interest to astronomers as the epoch that shall decide the truth of many speculations, or offer for investigation some new theory of the substance of comets. Seventy-five years passed away since the celebrated comet of Halley rolled in from an immeasurable distance to circle round the centre of our system, and then glanced off again into the infinite depths of space; and the period has again arrived for another advent of this mysterious visitor. Whether it will present a more feeble light than was observed at its last appearance in 1758, thus confirming the supposition of a constant decrease in cometic matter; or whether it will blaze out with a lustre surpassed only by the sunbeams, arguing a constant change, governed by no laws of which we have any knowledge, will soon be determined, as it may be expected early this fall. It will become visible some time in September, according to the most labored and nice calculation, by

two or three eminent mathematicians and astronomers, who say, that on the third of October, about midnight, it will appear in the east at an elevation of about thirty degrees. It will approach the well known constellation Urs Major on the 7th, and between that and the 11th pass directly through its seven conspicuous stars. This constellation never sets in our latitude, and the comet will of course be visible during the whole night while it remains in that portion of the hemisphere. Towards the end of November it will become obscured by the rays of the sun, and after remaining invisible until the end of December will emerge again, and hasten away to perform its immense revolution.

The periodic return of this comet is the longest of any other whose term has been ascertained; it is seventy-five and a half years in accomplishing its journey through space. The time of its revolution was calculated, after great labor, by Halley, the friend and contemporary of Newton. Taking the different accounts of the appearances of comets, as a data, he found that one of peculiar lustre and magnitude was seen about 130 years before Christ, at the birth of Mithridates, the light of which is said to have rivaled that of the sun;—in periods made up of seventy-five and a half years, at different times since that, has been seen a comet corresponding in many respects with that recorded as having appeared then;—assuming these supposed different comets to be the same, he concluded that the one he had observed in 1682 was likewise but a return of this comet; and accordingly predicted its reappearance in 1758, and '59. In this he proved to have been correct in his calculation, the comet became visible throughout Europe in December, 1758, but with a light so diminished as scarcely to render it distinguishable from the surrounding stars, unless by a practiced eye.

The question now is whether it will be still less in size and brilliancy, or whether it will present, as on some of its former appearances, a large fiery mass illuminating the whole horizon. If the supposition of a constant decrease in the substance of comets be true, it will probably be so diminished in size as to be scarcely visible except by the aid of telescopes; on the contrary, if they vary in bulk, we may have a brilliant spectacle, such as has been more than once recorded of this comet, in which it is said to have occupied a fourth of the firmament. Under all the circumstances, the present year will be a notable era for astronomers.—*Baltimore Young Men's Paper.*

THE GEOLOGY OF THE WEST.—Mr. Featherstonhaugh and L. Mather, of the U. S. A., have lately passed through this place, on their way to the Upper Mississippi, having in view a geological examination of the region between the river St. Peters and the Missouri, a vast prairie country which has not yet been seen, excepting on its skirts, by any scientific man: It will be recollect that Mr. Featherstonhaugh was employed the last season on a similar examination of the country between the Missouri and Red river, his report being published by order of Congress.

These undertakings are most useful in their results. They advance the cause of science, and at the same time open to view the mineral riches of the country. Mr. F. has been long known as an intelligent and zealous naturalist, and of large experience in the labors of science both in this country and in Europe. He combines a wide range of knowledge with an indefatigable enthusiasm and spirit of enterprise. L. Mather has been for a few years the instructor in mineralogy at West Point academy, and is a young man of great promise in mineralogy and geology. We look forward to the result of their investigation in confidence that it will be equally creditable to them and advantageous to the country.—*Detroit Journal.*

KEY WEST, July 25.

Under our obituary head will be found the announcement of the death of Lieutenant D. A. Manning, of the U. S. Army, attached to the post here. It is to be regretted that at a time of general good health "Death's levelled dart" should strike at one so generally respected, and yet in the strength and vigor of youth. Lieutenant M. was native of North Carolina.—*Enquirer.*

Foreign Miscellany.

NEW LIGHTHOUSES.—The corporation for preserving and improving the port of Dublin have given notice that two new light-houses have been erected on Eagle island, off the west coast of Ireland, from which two fixed bright lights will be exhibited on the evening of the 29th of September, 1835; and thenceforth will be lighted from sunset to sunrise. Specification given of the position, &c. of the towers, by Mr. Halpin, inspector of Irish light-houses:—Eagle island, situate off the N. W. coast of Erris, county of Mayo, bears by compass, from the stago of Broadheaven, west distance 11 miles; Erris Head, west, distance 3½ sea miles; W. Point of South Inniskea island, N. E. by E. distance 11½ sea miles; the Black Rock, E. N. E. ¼ N. 14½ sea miles; Achil Head, N. E. ¼ E. distance 19 sea miles. The two lights on Eagle island bear from each other E. by N., S. by W. and kept in a line, will lead 3 miles to seaward of the Blacklock, and 2½ seaward of the Stago of Broadheaven, and clear of all outlying rocks between Blacksod bay and Broadwater mark, and are not illuminated landward from E. by S. to S. by W. *—United Service Gazette.*

COMMUNICATING LONGITUDE AT SEA.—Lieut. Liddell, R. N., of the East India ship Wellington, has published a suggestion that ships should always signalize their Greenwich time instead of their longitude. “Let there be inserted, (says he) among the general signals these additional ones: ‘What is your Greenwich time?’ And ‘My Greenwich time is,’ with this explanatory note. ‘The ship answering or making the signal will hoist at the mizen, or wherever it may be best seen, the ensign made up in a ball, and in a minute after, will dip it; the moment of dipping being rated by the chronometers on board the different ships.’ The signal for Greenwich time will immediately follow, (omitting the hours,) and the dipping of the ensign can be repeated, if any doubt exist. It is evident that this method will obviate the necessity of any calculation, and be quite free from the errors often attending it. To prove the advantage which must often result from this plan, it may be as well to mention a case of frequent occurrence, similar to many I have myself witnessed within the last few years. Let us suppose a homeward bound vessel should meet a ship which had left England a week previously, and having been thick weather, the outward bound had had no observation for latitude for some days. It is clear that this ship could afford the other little or no service by giving her longitude by chronometer, as a wrong assumed latitude, in calculating for time, might cause an error of more than degree, while, on the other hand, by giving the Greenwich time, the homeward-bound vessel would in all probability be put within a mile of the truth.” This suggestion appears to us to be worthy of universal adoption.—*Ibid*.

THE ELEPHANT AND THE QUARTERMASTER GENERAL.—The army was ordered to march, and the elephant were into requisition to carry the tents. The quartermaster general, the man with four eyes as the natives called him, because he wore spectacles, superintended the loading of the animals—tent upon tent was heaped upon a large elephant (the self-denying animal already alluded to,) who said nothing, till at last he found that they were overdoing the thing, and then he roared out his complaints, which the keeper explained; but there was still one more tent to be carried, and, therefore, as one more or less could make no difference, it was ordered to be put upon his back. The elephant said no more, but he turned sulky—enough was as good as a feast with him, and he considered this treatment as no joke. Now it so happened that at the time the main street, and the only street of the town, which was at least half a mile long, was crowded to suffocation with tattoos, or little ponies and small oven, every one of them loaded with a couple of cases of claret, or brandy, or something else, slung on each side of them, attended by coolies, who, with their hooting, and pushing, and beating, and screaming, created a very bustling and lively scene. When the last tent was put on the elephant he was like a mountain, with canvass on each side of him, bulging out to a width equal to his own; there was just room for him to pass through the two rows of houses on each side of the

street, and not ten inches to spare; he was ordered by the keeper to go on—he obeyed the order certainly, but in what way—he threw his trunk up in the air, screamed a loud shriek of indignation, and set off at a trot, which was about equal in speed to a horse’s gallop, right down the street, mowing down before him every pony, bullock, and coolie that barred his passage; the confusion was indescribable, all the little animals were with their legs in the air, claret and brandy poured in rivulets down the street, collyies screamed as they threw themselves into the doors and windows, and at one fell swoop the angry gentleman demolished the major part of the comforts of the officers, who were little aware how much they were to sacrifice for the sake of an extra tent. The quartermaster general was looking with all his four eyes at the effects of his inhumanity.—*Ibid.*

HALLEY’S COMET.—The following notice of this celestial visitant, appears in the periodical named below, as an extract of a letter from Mr. Rogerson of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, to the Rev. H. Beech, Bristol. “The Comet of Halley now arrests the attention of the astronomical world. It is making its way in its elliptical orbit towards the sun, and also the earth. It is now in the neighborhood of Jupiter, but as yet invisible even to a good telescope. I expect this comet will be seen by assisted vision in July and August, and become visible to the naked eye in September. It will be nearest the earth about the 5th or 6th of October, and in its perihelion, or nearest point to the sun, about the 4th of November. It may be expected to be a splendid object from the end of September to the middle of October. Its revolution is about 76 years—was last seen in 1759—having been observed also in 1682. When the comet is nearest the sun it will be about an equal distance with Venus from that luminary—and when at its greatest distance from the sun it will be almost twice as far off as the Georgium Sides. *Plymouth Gazette (England)* 13th June.

MEETINGS.**APPOINTMENTS.**

Charles M. Hitchcock, of Ohio, Assistant Surgeon, 11th August.

William W. Hoxton, of Maryland, do 24th August.

A Court of Inquiry has been ordered to convene at West Point, on Monday next, by direction of the President of the United States; and will be composed of Brevet Major General Thomas S. Jesup, Q. M. G., Brevet Colonel J. G. Totten, of the Engineer Corps, Lieutenant Colonel I. B. Crane, of the 2d Artillery; Lieutenant J. W. Barry, 1st Artillery, Recorder.

A board of officers has been ordered to assemble at the Watervliet Arsenal, on the 1st September, to examine the new field gun carriages, harness and equipments, constructed at that arsenal from the French and English patterns. The board will consist of Brevet Brig. Gen. J. E. Wool, Bvt. Brig. Gen. C. Gratiot, Bvt. Brig. Gen. A. Eustis, members of the board of ordnance. Brevet Lieut. Col. W. J. Worth, and Captain A. Mordecai, of the Ordnance Department.

Assistant Surgeon J. A. Erereton, ordered from Fort Independence to Fort McHenry.

Assistant Surgeon W. W. Hoxton, to Fort Moultrie, to relieve Assistant Surgeon Wharton.

NOTES.

The United States frigate Constitution, bearing the broad pendant of Commodore J. D. Elliott, sailed from New York on Wednesday, 19th instant, for the Mediterranean. So many changes in her officers have taken place since her return to New York, that we publish the list entire.

List of officers attached to the United States ship Constitution:

Jesse D. Elliott, Esq., Commander of the Mediterranean squadron.

Lieutenants.—William Boerum, Geo. F. Pearson, Fred. A. Neville, John Colhoun, James M. Watson.

Henry A. Steele, Acting Sailing Master; Henry Darcantel, 2d do.

J. L. C. Hardy, 1st Lieut. Marines.

Thomas J. Boyd, Surgeon of the fleet in the Mediterranean.

John N. Hambleton, Purser.

Assistant Surgeons.—Robert Woodworth, Victor L. Godou.

Commodore’s Secretary.—Jesse E. Dow.

Passed Midshipmen.—Harry P. T. Wood, Percival Drayton, B. W. Hunter, Wm. T. Muse, Chas. Steedman, Wm. S. Ringgold, Jos. W. Revere, Edward Middleton, Montgomery Lewis, George L. Selden, Charles C. Barton, James W. Cooke.

Midshipmen.—George W. Randolph, George T. Sinclair, Chas. Hunter, Wm. Ronckendorff, Fred. A. Bacon, Fras. S. Haggerty, John N. Maffitt, Henry P. Robertson, C. E. Fleming, E. C. Anderson, Eugene E. Rodgers, A. H. Jenkins, Chas. Wager.

John C. Holland, Captain’s Clerk.

Robert Whittaker, Boatswain.

Thomas Ryley, Gunner.

Nath. C. L’Hommedieu, Sailmaker.

Francis Sager, Carpenter.

Edwin A. Teagle, Purser’s Clerk.

Passengers.

Master Commandant.—Silas H. Stringham, to take command of the John Adams.

Lieutenant.—John A. Davis, for the John Adams.

For the schooner Shark.

Ebenezer Ridgeway, Lieutenant Commanding.

Lieutenants.—B. J. Totten, Thomas W. Brent.

Robert J. Dodd, Surgeon.

D. Fauntleroy, Purser.

Daniel Egbert, Pass. Ass. Surgeon.

Chas. Haywood, Passed Midshipman.

Joseph Hoban, Captain’s Clerk to Lieut. Commandant Ridgeway.

Resignation.

Baldwin M. Hunter, Midshipman, 20th August.

DEATHS.

In this city, at the residence of Mrs. Lear, on Tuesday, the 19th instant, at 3 P. M., JOHN D. infant son of the late Commodore JOHN D. and ELIZA HENLEY, aged 10 months and 26 day s.

At Fort Towson, Arkansas, on the 25th July, of bilious fever, Lieut. ALEXANDER G. BALDWIN, of the third regiment U. S. infantry.

At Hackensack, Bergen county, New Jersey, on the 15th instant, ADAM BOYD, Esq., in the 90th year of his age. In the early part of his life, he participated in our struggle for independence.

At Newport, R. I., on Wednesday night, the 5th instant at 12 o’clock, after a severe and protracted illness, which he bore with Christian fortitude, Col. ROBERT ROGERS, aged 77 years. At the age of eighteen, in the ever-memorable year 1776, Mr. Rogers entered the Rhode Island line of the revolutionary army as lieutenant. While in the army, he succeeded in gaining the confidence and esteem of his brother officers. With many of them a lasting friendship commenced, which was interrupted only by death. Some years previous to his decease, they exhibited towards him a proof of their attachment, by conferring upon him the honorable distinction of Vice President of the Society of Cincinnati, which office he retained till removed by death.

At New London, Conn., on the 18th instant, EOSTER SWIFT, aged 75 years, a Port Surgeon in the U. S. army. Early in life he had been a Surgeon in the U. S. navy, on board the Portsmouth sloop-of-war, 1759, when captured by the Culidion, 74, of Rodney’s fleet, and with the whole crew of the Portsmouth imprisoned a year in the harbor of St. Lucia, West Indies. Dr. Swift was a native of Boston, and the son of “Samuel Swift, Esq., a distinguished Whig and martyr to the cause of Freedom while a prisoner in Boston, anno 1775.”

In Dunbarton, N. H., Mr. WILLIAM ADAMS, aged 80, a soldier of the revolution, who fought at Bunker’s Hill.

In Bath, Me., Captain JOSEPH STOCKBRIDGE, aged 76, a soldier of the revolution.

In Heath, Mass., Mr. JOSHUA WARFIELD, aged 77, a revolutionary pensioner.

At Fort Pike, La., on the 4th instant, of an injury received from a fall, GEORGE BOSWORTH, aged 12 years, son of JAMES BOSWORTH, for many years a Sergeant in the U. S. army.—Cut off in the flower of his youth, whilst receiving the first rudiments of education and morality, promising every thing his fondest friends could wish, and lamented by the whole garrison, his distant relations will be consoled with the assurance, that every attention was shown before, and every respect after, his demise.